plexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men doe? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame mee to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

*Fal.* My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfit, and ſnow Eringoes; Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

*Miſ. Ford.* Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet heart.)

*Fal.* Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husband. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

*M. Page.* Alas, what noiſe?

*M. Ford.* Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

*Fal.* What ſhould this be?

*M. Ford. M. Page.* Away, away.

*Fal.* I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd,
Leſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire;
He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

*Enter Fairies.*

*Qui.* Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier